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An English physicist once said that if we knew the firefly's secret, a boy turning a crank could light up a whole street. Great as is the advance in lighting that has been made through research within the last twenty years, man wastes far too much energy in obtaining light.

This problem of the "cold light" cannot be solved merely by trying to improve existing power-generating machinery and existing lamps. We should still be burning candles if chemists and physicists had confined their researches to the improvement of materials and methods for making candles.

For these reasons, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are not limited in the scope of their investigations. Research consists in framing questions of the right kind and in finding the answers, no matter where they may lead.

What makes the firefly glow? How does a firefly's light differ in color from that of an electric arc, and why? The answers to such questions may or may not be of practical value, but of this we may be sure—it is by dovetailing the results of "theoretical" investigations along many widely separated lines that we arrive at most of our modern "practical" discoveries.

What will be the light of the future? Will it be like that of the firefly or like that of the dial on a luminous watch? Will it be produced in a lamp at present undreamed of, or will it come from something resembling our present incandescent lamp? The answers to these questions will depend much more upon the results of research in pure science than upon strictly commercial research.

General Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

Latin School Register

Vol. XL.

MAY, 1921

No. 8

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

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One Hundredth Anniversary of the English High School

The year 1921 marks the close of one hundred years in the life of the English High School. Since 1844, or for more than three-quarters of a century, the High School has been sheltered under one roof with our own Latin School. During all these years the elder school has looked with pride and satisfaction upon the vigorous growth of her younger sister. No jealousy or friction has ever marred their intimate relation, even though the rivalry between the schools in scholarship and in athletics has been extremely keen.

This unique record has been due in a large measure to the fine men who have been Head Masters of the High School, and to none in greater degree than to the present keen and scholarly gentleman, William B. Snow, who to-day guides the destinies of our great sister school. Deeply conscious of his unfailing sympathy and helpfulness in our daily contact and grateful for his splendid support whenever the Latin School has needed a champion, we extend to him our grateful appreciation and wish for him many more years of successful service. To the English High School we offer our sincere congratulations on its splendid record of service to the city and the country during the century that has passed, and confidently predict for her even higher achievement in the years that lie ahead.

—PATRICK T. CAMPBELL '89



WILLIAM B. SNOW

The Cruise of the Sea-Swan

By H. E. Whiting '22

For ten days and nights the strange schooner had hovered off Satuit like a great black bird of prey waiting for its victim, but when the eleventh morning dawned, it had gone, vanished, disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. Nor were any of the village folk any wiser except, perhaps, one. Of course, that did not stop the flow of gossip. Therein lies our story.

Suffice it to say, then, that on that same morning, Ted Currier rushed breathlessly from his father's great home that overlooked Satuit and was the pride and show-place of the town, and arrived, panting, at the old fashioned place of his dearest friend and chum, Barty Lee. Barty was just sitting down to a great plate of steaming pancakes when Ted unceremoniously flung open the door.

Barty greeted him, "Good morning, Ted, you're just in time to—why, what's the matter?"

"My brother—he's gone!" Ted sank down into a chair. "When I knocked on his door this morning to tell him to come down to breakfast, he didn't answer; so I went in. He wasn't there, and his room's a wreck! It looks as if he'd had an awful fight. The furniture is kicked over and the rugs are in disorder. I'm sure something crooked has been going on!"

Barty said nothing for a moment. He was thinking and watching Ted. He knew that it had to be something pretty serious to disturb his chum, usually so easy-going.

"Now calm down Ted. Let's go over what happened, together. You know,

system's everything, to my way of thinking. Now, first thing, what reason did he have to disappear?"

Ted shook his head for a moment. Then a light broke out on his face and he exclaimed, "Come to think of it, I remember that he mentioned that he was connected with some government experiment, gas, or something like that. He was as mum as a clam about it though because it was pretty important. But what good does that do us?" he broke off impatiently.

"Lots," was the answer. "Now, there's been no train from Satuit either up or down since the 5:15 last night; so that's eliminated."

"And say, Barty," interrupted Ted, "I looked in the garage on the way down here, and all the cars are there except the Winton, and father's got that, I know."

"Fine, Ted, now I don't think he's walked off. It's possible, but not practicable. We'll discard that. There's only the water and the sky left. If there was an aeroplane in the game, we'd 'a' heard it, and there's no balloon shed nearer than Squantum. Any foreign balloon would have been reported. Therefore, only the water seems to be left. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, easily," was Ted's answer.

"But most of the boats are out. Were your boats all there?" continued Barty.

"I didn't look. Let's go over to the moorings now."

The two boys dog-trotted down the short stretch to the yacht-club dock. All the Currier boats were there. The "Orient," their great palatial yacht,

rode majestically at anchor. The "Mis-pah," a racer motor-boat, was cutting the incoming tide sharply. Last, but not least, Ted's own boat, his pride and joy, the "Sea-Swan," bobbed gaily up and down, giving off a "plop-plop" as an extra swell struck her. The boys gazed at each other in surprise. At last, on Ted's suggestion, they rowed over to the "Orient" and asked Harris the caretaker, whether he had seen the older Currier.

"Nay, me lads, Oi haven't laid an oye on him. Shure, an' it's the spaldeen that would touch 'im!"

Discouraged a little, they returned to the dock. Ted eyed the "Sea-swan" a while.

"What a fine day for the cruise we promised ourselves, eh, Barty? I wouldn't have the heart to go, now."

"By the way, Ted, did you notify the police?"

"Yes, but what good can they do?" was Ted's bitter reply. "Why, what's come over you, Barty? Didn't you ever see the ocean before?" For Barty was looking transfixed off to sea.

"Why, Ted, what fools we've been," he exclaimed. "The tramp schooner that was there. What's more natural? Ten days there, no sign of life aboard, disappears on eleventh day, also your brother!"

They looked at each other startled. Barty commenced to caper about, slapping Ted on the back.

"And say, I've got another idea. You know that we can't possibly have the schooner stopped. Now what do you say to our chasing it? The wind is perfect; we've got permission to go on a short cruise, and the "Sea-Swan" is stocked, cleaned, and what-not, and the rigging is in fine shape."

A short debate followed. Ted quickly allowed himself to be convinced, and shortly after the twain embarked on

"Sea-Swan," having first notified their people that they were going. It was indeed a fine craft. A "Cape-Cod Cat," as they're called, with an auxiliary engine, it was the safest and most reliable small boat in those waters. They decided to go out under sail, catching full advantage of the breeze and saving gasoline. Soon the graceful craft was gliding steadily forward, out through the break-water, and into the open sea. Their quest was begun.

II

A leaden sky and pale green waters. What a picture to the sailor! Instinctively he makes everything ship-shape, vowing another keg of rum to his particular "witch" and assures himself of the proximity of a life-belt. An ominous black mass scurries up from the west, a distant rumbling is heard, relieving the dead quiet of the moment before; soon the white-caps begin to appear as the ruffled water approaches the boat, then the breeze itself is felt, stronger and fresher, till with a mighty crash the storm is upon us, and the heavens burst forth in a mighty deluge!

Twenty miles out there might be seen the "Sea-Swan," sails down, motor going, and two white-faced lads grasping the rudder, trying to keep the little vessel up before the wind. It was their second day out. Vainly had they sought the stranger. One lobsterman they hailed had seen it bearing southward, but that was all. And now the storm had them in its grip. Every moment the waves swelled higher, yawned deeper, and buffeted more fiercely. At last one of the lads shouted above the storm:

"Go forward and get the life belts! I'll hold the rudder."

Giving one glance at Barty's set jaws, Ted crawled to the locker and got the belts and, with greater difficulty, returned.

"Put one on," shouted Barty.

Ted did so. Then he grasped the stick with all his might as Barty did likewise. Perhaps it was an extra large wave, or maybe Ted was not strong enough, but at any rate, the rudder was suddenly almost torn from his hands. The next wave did the job, and the "Sea-Swan" was nearly swamped. As it was, it shipped enough water to keep Ted busy bailing it out; and so for an hour.

The storm went as suddenly as it had come, leaving the boys drenched, and the "Sea-Swan" near a collapse.

The first object that greeted their eyes was the schooner wallowing in the water, with no guiding hand. It was an easy matter to turn their bow over toward it and soon the "Sea-Swan" was rubbing against its sides.

"Shall we board it, Barty? It seems awfully scary to me, as if everyone were dead aboard."

"Of course we shall." Barty clambered up the low side of the vessel, aided by Ted, and then he lent a hand in hoisting his chum up. Not a soul on deck. How the ship had weathered the storm was a mystery. The sails were torn, the rigging loose; ropes were lying all over the deck.

"I move we go to the cabin," said Barty. As they descended the narrow, evil-smelling companionway, they heard a low call. In the cabin, huddled on the floor, was a bound and gagged form. Ted bent over it.

"My brother! Oh, Barty, I hope he isn't badly hurt."

The sufferer's cords were soon off. Barty splashed a little water on his face, and his eyelids fluttered, then opened.

"I don't know, I tell you," he murmured. Then, "O, why it's Ted and Barty! My, but I'm glad to see you!"

"What happened?" This from the two boys together.

"Well, it's rather funny," was the reply as he stretched himself. "These fellows tackled me about midnight and gagged and bound me. I was still up and experimenting. They seemed to have the idea that I had some great government secret, and tried to get it out of me. Poor boobs! And when I proved to them that I didn't know, they got to fighting and drinking among themselves and I guess they are in a stupor now."

So it turned out. The forecastle was vile with dirt, blood and liquor freely intermingled, and the swaying bodies of men lying around.

"What's our next move?" asked Ted.

"We'd best return to shore and notify the authorities," replied his brother.

This they did. On the return trip the story of their detective work and the chase came out. Ted and Barty were highly complimented by Ted's brother.

"You'll be heroes in your mothers' eyes, boys. And, you know, I really want to show my appreciation; so Ted, I guess I'll let you invite Barty to come on our Mediterranean cruise."



“Jean”

By L. B. Andrews '21

The rhythmical beat of welding machines and the occasional stroke of a trip hammer were the only sounds audible to Jean Campbell as he sat on the edge of a girder, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the street level, with his welding equipment beside him. In his hand he held two pieces of cable, which, with nimble fingers, he was piecing together. Slowly under his light, yet steady, touch, the cable became firm. Bending over, he carefully slipped the mended cable under his foot to test its strength. He exerted as much strength as he could under the circumstances. The cable did not break; so he bent down to release it from under his foot, but unluckily, for, while performing this operation, he fell, still grasping the cable.

As he fell, he increased his hold on the cable. He tried to clear his head to think. He knew his way was clear; that there were no obstructions. His safety depended on the amount of cable contained in the huge roll, to which the piece he held was attached. He glanced downward and saw that the ground was slowly rising.

Above, the cable was slowly unwinding. Yard after yard yielded to his steady pull. The huge container rolled round and round. The amount decreased to ten yards—five yards—two yards.

Once more Jean looked downwards. The ground was much nearer now, not much more than thirty feet. If only the cable lasted, he might reach the ground in safety. He looked at the building on which he had been at work and had fleeting visions of faces peering at him, of men running around frantically.

He felt a stiff jerk, a pain in his shoulder, the cable slip from his hand and——darkness.

Three persons were eagerly working over a body lying on an operating table. A conversation was passing between a stylishly dressed man and a nurse. The man asked, “Anything serious?”

“He has a compound fracture of the shoulder and multiple bruises,” a delicate feminine voice gave answer.

“Well, tell him when he is well enough, that Mr. Fensboro will hold his position for him.”

“I'll see that your message is delivered.”

The man departed by a nearby door.

A man, who was bent over the body, then raised himself upright, and pressed a button. Two stretcher bearers appeared, who carefully bore the limp figure to an adjoining room.

Three days later, Jean was able to be bolstered up. He had, on the very first day, become acquainted with a very beautiful young nurse, by name, Mary Towle. As the days turned to weeks, their friendship turned to something more binding. The other members of the ward began to whisper to one another of engagements and wedding bells.

Nothing happened, however, and a month and a half later, Jean left the hospital. Before leaving, he bade farewell to Mary and left a card, which had his address on it. As he walked down Riverside Drive toward Broadway, kindly thoughts were running through his mind. As he approached Wall Street his eyes turned to a nearby church. Five minutes later, he was in the office of the Wall Street Construction Company.

His hand was shaken by many men grouped in the office. His back was patted. Slowly a circle formed around him and a member of the group stepped forward. In his hand was a small white envelope. This he presented to Jean, who, on opening it, found that it was a check for one hundred dollars, which, a short letter informed him, was to set him on his feet again.

His hearty thanks to the group were interrupted by Mr. Fensboro's secretary, who informed him that the President would like to see him. As he entered Mr. Fensboro's inner office, he was directed to take a seat, after a hearty handshake. When Jean was seated, Mr. Fensboro said, "Well, I'm mighty glad to see you back. You always have been of immense value to the firm. I was very sorry when I heard of your fall and determined that you should have your position back when you returned. We have had but little work lately and contracts have been far between, but this week we obtained a very important contract, which begins tomorrow. You will be our chief welder on this job and your pay also will be slightly greater. I warn you, though, your welding must be perfect or the entire structure will collapse; for a flaw will be dangerous under such weight as the welded parts must bear in this case. On the first sign of a flaw, you must not appear here again. That is all."

Jean said, "Thank you, sir," and left.

When he arrived at his apartment in the Bronx, he sat down at a table and wrote a letter, which read: "Dearest Mary. Won't you please meet me at the third bench in the main path in Central Park—you know where—about five. Jean." He left the house once more and walked to the corner, where he slipped the letter into a mailbox. As he turned to go home he bumped into

a stylishly dressed young gentleman, who was standing in his way.

"Hello Campbell. How are you?" he asked.

"Fine, thank you. How are you, Powers?"

"O bully. Say, won't you come down to my house? I've got a dandy acetylene torch, that I want to show you."

"Yes, I think I can. Come on."

The two friends walked down the street to Powers's house in joyful conversation, and entered. Powers showed the way into the kitchen and down some cellar stairs to a small room. Here he showed his friend the mechanism and power of the torch.

"You may need it some day," he said.

The next day, as the shadows began to lengthen, Jean left his abode. A few minutes' walk, after a long ride, brought him to Central Park and to the bench he had chosen. The bench was empty. Hadn't Mary received his letter? Was something wrong? These and many more such thoughts raced through Jean's brain. He sat down and waited. Several times young women appeared and passed. Then he thought that he had not mentioned at which end of the path to begin. He rose and hastily walked to the other end of the path and at the third bench in he found her waiting patiently.

"Hello Mary. I was waiting at the third bench in from the other end."

"Jean, that was a mistake, but I suppose I'll have to excuse it."

"Come on, let's sit down. I want to talk" said Jean. "Mary, I have been appointed to a big task to-day. I feel very happy; but I would feel much happier, if I had someone to help me, someone like you."

Mary silenced him and said, "I'll think it over, Jean. I would like to, ever so much."

"Come then, let's get something to eat."

They wended their way to a very fashionable restaurant, where, amid the glare of the lights, they ate a most delightful dinner, which dug into Jean's ready cash altogether too deep, but was a success, for it pleased Mary very much.

At the end of a week and a half the building had reached the fifth story: Work had been hurried because of threatened cold weather. The structure had begun to assume an outline. Its towering bulk now began to reach over the tops of the neighboring buildings. Jean had been extremely busy with his position and was often awake at night for hours. Gradually his sleeplessness began to tell on him. He grew nervous and listless. His inspections were less critical and his work less firm.

On the twelfth day a slight jar was noticed by the men at work. The incident was duly reported at the company's office by one of the foremen. When the President heard of it, he instantly sent inspectors to the scene. A very thorough investigation of the first floor revealed nothing. The second floor likewise revealed nothing, but the third floor contained the cause, a broken welding. The break had caused a sagging of the beam, which would endanger life, if not mended.

Five men sat around a large table in the office of the Wall Street Construction Company. Mr. Fensboro sat at one side of the table. At the other side of the table were four other men, an inspector, the foreman who had reported the jar, Jean, and a newspaper reporter. Mr. Fensboro rose and in a voice audible to all said, "Gentlemen, Mr. Campbell has been in charge of our welders in the construction of the Chester Block. We have always trusted him and considered him a very faithful and honest workman.

However, it appears that for the first time he has shirked his duty. Mr. Oldman, our aged inspector, who sits opposite me, reports that on following up a report, formulated by Mr. Longfellow, one of our foremen, he found on the third floor of the new building, a serious break in a welding. I previously warned Mr. Campbell that such a break would be dangerous and that he must not come here again. Is there any comment?"

No comment was offered; so a vote was taken. The reporter was the only one that stood by Jean, who was dismissed from further duties with the Wall Street Construction Company.

Jean reached home thoroughly depressed. He knew that he had been a shirk. Now he must get a job; but where? Men were being laid off all around him. Things were becoming desperate in the industrial world. What should he do? Hour after hour slipped by and Jean continued to think. Then came the idea. He had but ten dollars to rely on, a very small sum for Jean's undertaking. This caused his decision in favor of an immediate removal from his present expensive suite. All the rest of the day he wandered through the city, until at dusk he found himself in Washington Square before a humble dwelling with a sign "Furnished Rooms" in the window. Jean inspected the room he intended to take and, since the rate was cheap, readily accepted it.

With five of his few dollars he equipped himself with a miniature smelter and several small pieces of various metals. With this equipment he set about to put his idea to the test. First he worked out his formula and then set to work. Soon the smelter began to resound under the heat of boiling metal. Jean sat and listened with a contented expression on his face. Suddenly he rose and brought a large mould from a nearby table, which

he placed near the smelter. After everything was prepared, Jean pierced, with a long iron, a clay stopper in the side of the smelter, through which ran a red-hot liquid.

An hour later Jean, thoroughly elated, took a bar of solid metal from the mould. It was purple in color, but so hard that, when he tested it, it yielded not the slightest fraction of an inch. Putting on his hat and coat, he hurried to Powers' house. As he and his friend were testing the bar, Jean said, "Yes Powers, I did find a time when I could use your torch."

"Seemed almost like a prophecy," replied Powers.

For a whole hour the bar resisted every attempt to make an impression on it. The metal could not be pierced.

"Campbell, you've got a metal there that beats any I've ever seen. Why, look at this!"

Powers showed Jean how easily iron was cut by his torch.

"Yes Powers, this is some dandy metal and it is going to be of great use to me."

"How?"

"You know that I was discharged from work with my old employer?"

"Yes."

"Well, with this metal I intend to ruin that company or make them pay me enough money to make up for my

discharge. I'm going to find the reporter that was present when they discharged me, and have him put an article in his paper. You just wait."

"Good luck to you!"

The next evening the "New York Times" printed the following article:

New Metal Discovered. Jean Campbell Discovers Perfect Metal.

New York, Nov. 28, 19—. Jean Campbell, a resident of this city, has discovered a metal, which nobody can pierce, as far as is known. He wishes to carry on his work, but finds it impossible under present circumstances. He would gratefully receive all communications. Address—— —. New York City.

Letters came in rapidly and Jean was soon able to establish a larger plant in an old barn. His success grew as the years went on and then came the crowning success.

To-day he lives in his old apartment in the Bronx. He is President of the Campbell Structural Metal Company, whose largest customer is the Wall Street Construction Company. He has a son, Jean Campbell, Jr., who will carry on his father's work, and a wife, Mary Campbell, who, before her marriage, was Mary Towle. She was his greatest success.

A GOOD MOTTO

He was thinking of his report card
That in a day or so would come.
He thought of it with drooping heart,
But said, "Thy will be done."

He thought of his twelve in Latin,
In French his twenty-one;
He didn't feel very cheerful then,
But said, "Thy will be done."

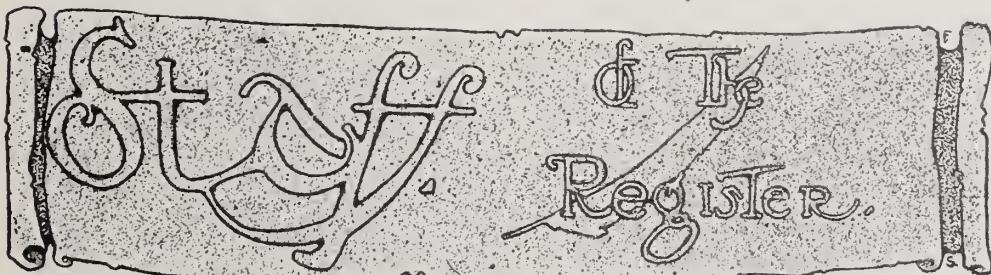
He didn't feel like eating lunch
Nor feel like having fun,
But in his heart he always said,
"God, let Thy will be done."

He thought about his arriving home
And wondered how under the sun
The teacher could be so heartless,
But said, "Thy will be done."

Only one thing could comfort him
Ah, yes, no thing but one
Which was his little rule
That went, "Thy will be done."

And so my friend, if ever you
Don't feel like having fun,
Brace up and with a joyful cry
Shout, "God, Thy will be done!"

J. H. Muchnick '42



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ISSUED MONTHLY

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The Passing of the Sword

The sword, a weapon of chivalry and romance, played an important rôle in the Middle Ages. Much credit indeed was given to the blade of the victor in a battle. Swords which had brought fame to those who wielded them were respected and much honored. Their exploits were chronicled and they gave birth to many a legend. Who does not recall the magical scene of the bestowal upon King Arthur of his trusty Excalibur, that marvelous sword? When the use of gunpowder became common, armor and suits of mail were abolished and the sword descended from its height of preëminence. Although it had lost its effectiveness in combat, aristocrats still retained the swords of their ancestors as a sign of noble birth, and all polished gentlemen were skilled in fencing. The

sword still remained to settle differences between gentlemen. It was the skill of the sword that made Cromwell's men invincible. Gradually, the sword has lost its popularity. In our late American wars, it was used as a weapon only by the cavalry. Chiefly as a sign of rank did the officers of the infantry use it. Duels are no longer fashionable, and one does not need to appeal to the sword to convince another of error. A sword was most useless in the trenches. Through experience the officers found it cumbersome and substituted in its place a small light-weight cane less awkward to handle. Thus has a once noble weapon degenerated to such an extent that it seems that the time-honored line, "The pen is mightier than the sword," must be rewritten to read,

"The pen is mightier than the swagger-stick." In spite of its inefficiency in modern warfare, we still respect the sword as emblematic of valor, courage and chivalry. It is too deeply rooted in our literature to be abandoned and forgotten. When we think of the Knights of the Round Table, we think of their swords. Even gentle Galahad boasted, "my good blade carves the casques of men." It is the sword that has made D'Artagnan and the three musketeers famous. Verily, the sword has vanished from the field of combat, but it can never abandon our literature. It will always live in our hearts as the weapon with which our forefathers fought for and won our freedom, both in the old and new world, an upright champion of honor and justice through the ages, and a memory well worth cherishing.

James A. S. Callanan

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

The world never stops in its rapid onward whirl to wait for the straggler. Let us be more charitable: let us consider briefly our example of the species. June, with its yearly crisis, is coming upon us with a rush. If we have prepared ourselves for the examinations,—especially for those to be taken before the College Board examiners,—all's well with the world; if otherwise, we shrug our shoulders; we're "more to be pitied than censured." Our lack of knowledge is entirely our own fault, for our teachers like nothing better than to see us successful. Many will regret our indifference; others will live through it to try again.

We have a chance, an eleventh-hour chance. May lies before us, a wonderful opportunity for work, for real, honest work. The chance of a lifetime. Think what a little self-denial, a lot of work, and *a* real school spirit can do, and thinking, fall to!

H. E. Whiting



Senior Officer—Right about face.

Freshman Private—I'm glad I'm right about something.

* * * *

When you read our jokes, think of vaccination. Sometimes it takes and sometimes it doesn't.

* * * *

"What keeps us from falling off the earth when we're upside down?"

"The law of gravity."

"Well, how did we stay on before the law was passed."

* * * *

Mrs. Casey: "An' phwat are yez doin' wid thot incoom-tax paper, Casey?"

Casey: "O'im thryin' to figger out how much money Oi save by not havin' anny."

Conductor (to Doris in street car)—
"Your fare?"

Doris—"So they tell me."

* * * *

"Let me give you a piece of advice."
"What's the matter with it?"

* * * *

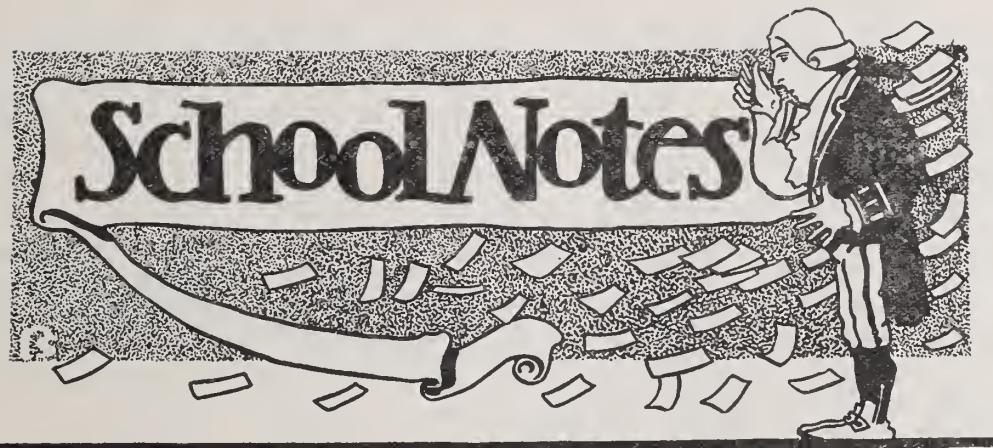
Patient (after operation): "Doctor, they say you are getting better and better on these appendix operations every day."

Doctor: "That's a fact. The man I operated on yesterday lived twelve hours, and I'm in hopes you'll live twice as long, if you don't worry."

* * * *

"What are you hunting through all those war records for?"

"I'm trying to find out who General Delivery is."



On April 1st, our second interscholastic debate of the year was held at Boston College High School Hall between the B. C. H. Pabst Debating Society and the B. L. S. Debating Society on the question: Resolved that the Government should own and operate the railroads. McCarten, Doyle and Carr of B. C. H. argued in favor of the negative, while Murray, McElroy and Wechsler championed the cause of the affirmative. Both teams presented excellent arguments. Wechsler gained much applause for his fine rebuttal and his subtle sarcasm. The decision was awarded in favor of our opponents chiefly on account of their elocution. Hon. Daniel H. Coakley presided as chairman. Mayor Quinn of Cambridge, Homer Albers, Dean of B. U. Law School, and Judge Dowd acted as judges. "To the victors belong the spoils," but to the vanquished much merit is due.

Friday, April 15, was Class Day. The Class President, K. B. Hill, assisted by Vice-president J. S. Lanigan, Secretary Wickham and the class committee, arranged a truly interesting program. The invited guest and speaker of the day was the Hon. Charles S. O'Connor whose address stirred the depths of the

hearts of those present. The Class Song composed by Harold R. Robinson and I. J. Zimmerman, the Class Oration delivered by James A. S. Callanan, and the Class Poem by Arthur C. C. Hill, Jr., will appear in the June number of the Register. One of the faculty declared the Class Day exercises to be the best he had ever witnessed in our school. One of the most interesting and pleasing parts of the program was the extended applause in response to Callanan's praise of Mr. Campbell.

As the exercises in the morning were successful, so was the Class of '21 Dance equally successful. Everything was well conducted and the dance was attended by a large number in spite of the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Bowker and Mr. McKay represented the Faculty and the mothers of the Class President, Class Poet, and Class Orator assisted as matrons. At the dance President Hill announced the dates of the Get-together Dance and the Officers' Dance as May 14 and May 28 respectively.

Have you noticed how well the Register was represented Class Day? The Class Orator, Class Poet, and the writer of words to the Class Song were all members of the Staff. Perhaps that is why Class Day was so successful.

Murray Whittemore '01, is now Comptroller of "The White House," San Francisco, Cal.

* * * *

Dr. Horatio N. Storer of the Latin School Class of '46, the oldest living graduate both of Latin School and of Harvard College, recently celebrated his 91st birthday. He was presented with a silver loving cup in recognition of his faithful services by the citizens of Newport, R. I., where he resides.

* * * *

Winthrop E. Nightingale '11, has been elected Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering at the School of Engineering of Northeastern College, Boston.

* * * *

It has been decided to leave all mention of the Class Day program (further than what appears in this number) until the last number, the June issue, when a detailed account of the day's program will be given.

* * * *

The Reverend Don Ivan Patch, who attended the Latin School in 1907, has been called to the Pleasant Street Congregational Church of Arlington.



Sergeant (one of the old school): "It's the war that's ruining the army, sir—us having to enlist all these here civilians."

* * * *

"Spring's on her way."
Said Mr. Boff;
"But have a care,
Don't take 'em off!"

* * * *

Watson—"Why don't you laugh at my jokes?"

Chris—"I respect old age."

The Register regrets to announce the death of George Harrison Mifflin of the Latin School Class of '61. Mr. Mifflin was President of the Houghton Mifflin Co., Publishers, and of the Riverside Press.

* * * *

The Class of 1918 held their banquet on April 6, at the Boston City Club. William McSweeney and Francis J. Ryan, President of the Class, were among the orators. Mr. O'Brien served as Toastmaster.

* * * *

A. H. MacIntyre '17, performed the part of the "soothsayer" in the 53d annual theatrical production of the Pi Eta Society entitled "The Late Mr. Kidd." Roy E. Larsen '17, was one of the "ponies" in the play.

* * * *

Samuel B. Finkel '06, was recently elected to the executive committee of the Harvard Liberal Club of Boston.

* * * *

Edward L. Logan '94, has been elected president of the South Boston, Mass., Bar Association.

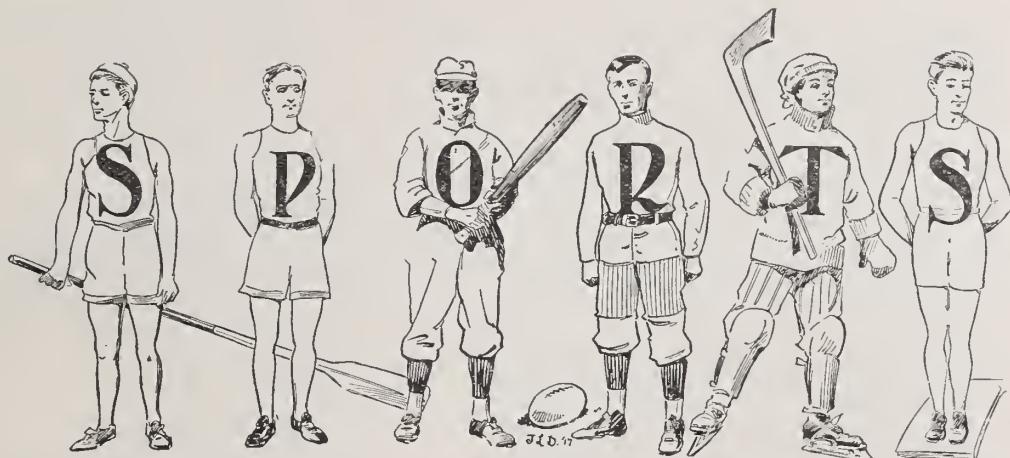
* * * *

Captain (sharply): "Button up that coat."

Married recruit (absently): "Yes, my dear."

* * * *

Master—"Beware! I may spring upon you any time—a ~~test~~ test!"



WELCOME GOLF!

THE REGISTER welcomes a new sport to the athletic curriculum of our old school, for on Monday, March 28th, under the guidance of Mr. Pike, a club composed of twenty-four members to be known as the Boston Latin School Golf Club, was organized. Arthur C. C. Hill Jr., was elected president.

The public links at Franklin Park, which have been undergoing considerable improvement, provide an excellent place for practice and even for matches. This eliminates the most serious part of the problem of expense, as tuitions and guest cards at most of our better golf and country clubs have become prohibitive. Furthermore the park is easily accessible from all quarters of the city.

A good schedule is under way, matches having been arranged already with Noble and Greenough for Friday, May 6th, and with the Masters for Friday, May 13th, a sad foreboding for their dignity!

From J. K. Collins, R. Doherty, W. B. Guild, A. C. C. Hill, Jr., R. E. and J. F. Sullivan, all better than forty-five men, excellent material is provided. More candidates are needed, however, and all comers familiar with the game are invited to join in the regular practice every Tuesday afternoon and Saturday

morning. (Watch the bulletin board.)

A novelty of the season is to be a junior golf team composed of those four players in short pants who seem best but who would not be equal to the older men. A schedule is being prepared for them also.

Golf is openly acknowledged to be the most scientific game of all America's many sports; of late years additional thousands have flocked to play it, among whom are a large number of the country's greatest. We feel that golf is indeed an excellent sport and believe it should be encouraged and backed by every master and student in the school.

TRACK

In the Annual Regimental Meet completed on March 26, Latin School placed second to English High School. Our runners did not come up to expectations. The competition was fine and the boys who placed should be congratulated.

In the field events held in the Drill Hall March 14 and 15, in the shot-put Meyers was shut out in the senior division, Jacobs and Elton likewise in the intermediate, while McDermott won second place in the junior group. In the high-jump Gilson, in the senior, did not place, while Kennedy, an intermediate, won second in his division with a leap of

4 ft. 9 in., and Shapiro tied for fourth in the junior.

In the finals of the running events Captain Hull showed himself to be a remarkable little hurdler, when, topping the timbers in wonderful form, he breezed home a winner closely followed by Myron, another star. O'Brien disappointed in the intermediate when, after several false starts, he, as a result, finished second to Lynch of English. Haggerty was a surprise when, after only a week's training in this event, he finished fourth.

McDermott was the only Latin School boy to place in the dashes, winning second in the junior event. He has showed himself to be a wonderful little athlete and has placed in both shot-put and dash in all the meets. His total of six points in the "Reggies" was the largest scored by any of our fellows.

Nolan, after displaying rare form in his trial heats, was unable to run in the finals of the 160 because of a sprained tendon. In the 220, Kennedy fell on the first corner in his semi-final and thus was shut out from competing in the finals. Although Crosby had the pole in the 300, he lost the advantage in the rush for the first corner. He finished fourth, however, in a very fast race, which Kinnally of Dorchester won, breaking Hussey's record by $\frac{1}{3}$ of a second.

Jacobs ran a wonderful race in the intermediate 600, closely pressed by McCafferty of English, only to fall three yards from the tape. Before he could get up, Fassnachl of Commerce passed him, winning the race and making

a new record. Jacobs finished second, however. Peirce and Glickman tried to duplicate in the senior 600, and after leading for most of the way Peirce was finally passed, finishing third, while Glickman finished fourth.

Hill started off in an impressive manner in the 1000, setting so fast a pace he killed himself in the first two laps. Fitzpatrick and Parkinson showed up well, winning third and fourth, while Hill did not even place.

TENNIS SCHEDULE

- May 3—Brown & Nichols at Camb.
- May 9—Harvard Freshmen at Soldiers Field, Cambridge.
- May 14—Harvard Interscholastic Tournament, Jarvis Field, Cambridge.
- May 16—Milton Academy at Milton.
- June 4—Exeter Academy at Exeter.
- June 10—English High at Franklin Field.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE 1921

- Sat. April 16—Milton Academy
- Fri. April 29—Open
- Mon. May 2—East Boston High
- Wed. May 4—West Roxbury High
- Wed. May 11—Brighton High
- Sat. May 14—South Boston High
- Wed. May 18—Mechanic Arts High
- Fri. May 20—Hyde Park High
- Wed. May 25—Charlestown High
- Fri. May 27—Open
- Tues. May 31—Dorchester High
- Thurs. June 2—Boston Trade
- Fri. June 3—High School of Commerce
- Mon. June 6—English High

She—"How sweet of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet and fresh. I really believe there's a little dew on them yet."

He—"Yes, there is, but I'll pay it next week."

WE NEVER KNEW HE HAD ANY
Bennett (translating)—"His weary limbs refused to carry him further."

Teacher—"Go on."
Bennett—"My weary brain refuses to carry me further."

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"I want to know how much money my husband drew out of the bank last week."

"I cannot give you that information, madam," answered the man in the cage.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I'm not the telling payer."

* * * *

"Judge," said the man at the bar, "there's no use of you trying to square this thing up. My wife and I fight just so often and just so long, and we can't help it. So there you are."

"And about how long do you keep it up?" asked the judge.

"About two weeks, judge."

"All right. I'll give you fifteen days in jail; in other words, you are interned for the duration of the war."

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"I'm agreeable," replied the girl, "where's your diamond?"

* * * *

(To his partner): "I like a big hall when I'm dancing, don't you?"

She: "How do you spell that, h-a-l-l or h-a-u-l?"

* * * *

SONGS THAT NEVER GROW OLD

I wish I had died in my cradle.

* * * *

English teacher: "What comedy of Shakespeare have you read?"

A. N. Onymous: "The Midshipman's Night Dream."



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